

THE CITIZEN.

T. G. PASCO, Editor and Manager.

HEREA. KENTUCKY

IN THE NICK OF TIME.

The Night Man Appears in the Crowd Sees Him and Tells His Latest Corn Case.

The burly teamster was laboring his unfortunate horse, which had slipped and fallen on the smooth pavement, and a crowd quickly gathered to offer advice. Angered because the driver applied the whip because of the various methods suggested by men who knew just what to do in an emergency of the kind, several men in the increasing crowd hinted that it would be a good thing to give the brutal teamster a touch of his own whip. All that was lacking was a leader, and when a brisk, businesslike man, apparently a commercial traveler, pushed forward it appeared that the general had arrived. Fortunately at this moment someone had loosened the harness, the horse arose and the teamster lost no time in hitching up and driving away, pursued by the maledictions of the angry spectators.

The traveling man planted his grip on the edge of the sidewalk and turned to the audience. "This sort of thing should not be tolerated," he said in a quiet, determined tone. "Every hour of the day in this great city, supposed to be the seat and center of western civilization and refinement, we are shocked by acts of brutality that would put to shame the tashi bazooks of the Apaches. Is it a fact that we have become inured to the sufferings of men, women and children, and even the poor beasts that draw burdens about the streets? Never let it be said that Chicago has no heart. I do not believe it. I believe that every man within sound of my voice is sympathetic, but we have become apathetic. We would extend aid and alleviate suffering if the right thing occurred to us at the proper moment. But it does not, and the opportunity to do a good act passes, and we forever chide ourselves for the neglect.

"All men, all gentlemen," he said, raising his voice and slowly opening his valise, "should be prepared at any moment to relieve suffering. Now, I have here an invaluable compound, put up in neat form, worth its weight in gold, but being put out merely to introduce it to general notice at the insignificant sum of ten cents, one measly dime, guaranteed, gentlemen, by all the learned savants of Europe to instantly cure any sprain, bruise or contusion; equally valuable as an instantaneous relief for the most desperate case of headache; never fails to dispel the germs of smallpox, cholera morbus, yellow fever; will remove tan, freckles and discolorations of the skin at a single application; an infallible remedy for corns—just hold it in the sun a moment to warm it up, gentlemen, and apply it to your punctured bicycle tire, and the break is mended; excelling anything ever heard of for mending crockery, rubber boots or the most delicate ware; a splendid tooth wash; warranted as an antiseptic; the bane of mosquitoes and other noxious insects—ah, thank you—ten cents, there's your change—whom's next—please do not crowd, gentlemen, I have only a limited supply and all shall be fairly treated, while it lasts—a magnificent extirpator of dandruff; the finest lubricant for carriage wheels—two packages, did you say—applied on a razor strap one swipe of the blade and you have an edge that will shave a baby's face; remember, I warrant every package to be genuine or ten dollars refunded—there's your change, and now who wants these three last packages, positively the very last in this country, for the secret is known only to a monk in Italy and only a limited supply is permitted to be sent abroad by the Italian government—thank you, gentlemen, and now I must be going.

"Remember, we live in an enlightened century and the eyes of the world are upon this great, throbbing metropolis. Alleviate suffering, gentlemen, and while squaring accounts with your own sense of right and justice build up the name and fame of the city wherein you live and in which you all take such great and pardonable pride. I should like to remain longer with this representative assemblage of American sovereigns, but am on my way to New York to secure a fresh supply of this great remedy and will bid you adieu." Almost as fast as the unfortunate teamster had done 15 minutes sooner.—Chicago Chronicle.

Expressive Colors. The most expressive colors are all shades of pink, from delicate pastel rose to a glowing carmine, and all varieties of mauve. These, for no very good reason, seem the happiest tints. Blue is somewhat cold, red is the color of ill omen, green belongs to the green-eyed monster, while rose is the color of youth and hope, said to be beloved of the angels and the antidote for the weariness of the common round, the daily task, while mauve is the color of refinement, though it is said one should never trust a woman who habitually wears mauve.—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

Reflections of a Bachelor. Tramps are always kisses. When in doubt lend trumps. A "deathless joy" is probably nearly as secure as a kissless girl. If a man was as much of a devil as he tries to make his wife think he is, he would never dare go out of the front door without getting shot at.

Whenever a minister that nobody suspects anything about goes wrong there are a lot of women who say that whenever they listened to his sermons they couldn't help thinking of the "sounding brass and the tinkling cymbal."—N. Y. Press.

DRIFTING.

We drift, my love and I, while softly, slowly, The lingering day sinks in the arms of night. Our tongues are mute, for in that silence holy Vain words would only mar each soul's delight.

Upon the lake's edge stand the weeping willows, Trailing with listless arms the waters clear. While overhead, roseate and pearl-gray billows Lie close to heaven's breast. Some stars appear.

And wink their eyes as though just roused from slumber, While peeping through a vaporous veil above. The distant breeze takes on a greater umber, The twilight breeze is singing low of love.

We drift, my love, and I, 'mid twilight splendor, The sunset glory's sheen spread on the sky; Her face is close to mine, her eyes are tender, And glowing with a light that cannot die.

Upon her face there falls a heavenly glory, The sun's last rays reflected from above;—And pictured there I see that old, sweet story, A trusting woman's pure, unswayed love.

We drift, alone, her hand in mine, confiding, The waters gently murmur as we glide; Within each heart eternal love abide; Faith, hope and trust, that God will ever rule.

—E. Carl Litzey, in Louisville Courier-Journal.



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CHAPTER X.—CONTINUED.

Now it happened that as I gained the corridor I saw in the dim light a figure retreating hastily before me, but with noiseless footsteps, and having in mind the strange attempt to play my part, I made no doubt but that there was the culprit, and followed up. I saw the figure turn at the end of the corridor and enter another gallery, then another, and yet another, finally vanishing as it were against the wall. Owing to my not knowing the way properly, and to the semi-darkness, I was unable to follow fast enough to overtake the spy, who flitted before me like a ghost, but in a very human hurry. When at length I came up to the wall, I looked to see if there was a door of any kind; but could discern nothing, and was so astonished that for a moment I felt a little chilled, thinking that it may have been a spirit after all. Fortifying myself, however, with the thought that it was a spirit it seemed in no way anxious to meet me, I went to a closer examination, and saw by the moonlight that I was before a door, painted in exact imitation of the marble wall. This settled my doubts, and, putting my shoulder to it, I made a trial, with all my strength, to force passage, but in vain. I therefore gave up the matter, and turned to find my way back. This was, however, easier said than done. I could not find the gallery I wanted, and after groping about hopelessly for a little time, thought I had best give a shout, which would no doubt summon some one to my aid. I was just about to carry this into execution, when, on further reflection, it struck me that I might be landed in other difficulties thereby, and that I might make another try to free myself, without hanging the house about my ears, and perhaps compromising the secretary, who had, I saw, an enterprising and active enemy under his roof. So I stilled my tongue and made further exploration, with the result that I found myself before a doorway that led to the floor below me, and determined to see where this would take me. Accordingly I descended as softly as possible, and arrived in a few steps at a small landing, covered by a carpet so thick that I felt as if I was treading on the softest moss. At the end of the landing, and opposite to me, was a half-opened door, the room inside being in light. Stepping noiselessly up to the door I peered in, and saw a chamber furnished with the utmost luxury, and apparently just vacated by its occupants. In a corner of the room stood a harp, lying on a table close to a low luxurious seat were some articles of dainty feminine embroidery; soft silken curtains shrouded the walls, and the ceiling was painted, apparently with some representation of the history of the house. A white marble figure of Cupid held out at arm's length a lamp, whose pale shade softened its bright light; and on a gilded tripod, set in an alcove, swung a lily and a carnation—a rare eastern bird—drooping with his head tucked under his wing, slept in a position which would be intolerable torture to any other creature thing except a bird. It was clear that I had invaded the private sitting room of the ladies, or lady, of the household; and I was about to beat a hasty retreat, when the screen of an inner room was swung aside, and I saw before me two unknown persons of the garden, Michael, and the girl of the tany which had saved me from death. It was too late to go back now, as the sound of my feet on the marble stairs would certainly reach and perhaps alarm them, tread I ever so softly; so I resolved to stay where I was until they retired again, and then go back. This I judged would be very shortly as it was late. I had not, however, sufficient experience then, of the lengths to which those occasional confidences, in which the fair sex indulge with each other, extend. In the meantime I could not but admire the graceful figure before me, and especially of her hair, which gave me the tany. Clad in a soft, clinging robe, clasped by a jewel at her throat, and a silver giraffe round her waist, with her pale, proud features set in a mass of dark hair, she seemed to me an embodiment of pure womanhood, and I thought how lucky the man would be who could have such a companion to help him through life. I guessed also that the other was the wife of Machievelli, being aided thereto by her statement, when I drove Luigi off, that her husband was one who could help me much. At the same time I could not but feel some pity in my heart for her, when I thought she was wedded to a man of a character so contradictory as that of the secretary, who could leave a fair wife for the sake of indulging in low dissipation, and come back after a narrow escape with his life, to bury himself in matters of state, or in the perusal of the ancients. However, there was no sign of sorrow on her fair and martial face, as with all the teasing nature of a kitten she walked up to the mosaic and stared long at with her white fingers, an attention he did

not appear to relish, for he ruffled his plume, and let forth a sharp-piercing shriek. "Heaven's!" she laughed, "how that bird screams!" He is almost as cross as you, Angiola.

"Thanks," replied the other, "do sympathize with the bird, though, for you never leave off teasing. It is enough to make a stout cross, Marsetta."

"Well, I won't tease any more," and Marsetta put her hand on her friend's shoulder. "I am sorry, though, it was he, and I will have the last word."

I wondered to whom the reference was made, as Angiola replied: "I really do not care if it was; but there is a draught, and I must shut this door."

She came up so quickly that there was no time to retreat, and in a moment I was discovered.

"She gave a little cry and stepped back. I saw that the other was going to scream out, and burst forth: 'Machievelli, I implore you to be still. There is absolutely no danger. I have had business with his excellency and missed my way. Pardon the intrusion,' and I stood with my cap in my hand."

"Well, sir," said the lady Angiola, "as you have found out that you have missed your way, had you not better turn back?"

"Why, Angiola, it is the gentleman who rescued us in the garden," called out Maddonna Marsetta, with a sudden recognition. "Who looks as if he were here now to make up for it by cutting our throats. According to you he should have been dying of starvation at Santa Felicita."

"Machievelli," said I, "I wish I had died of starvation rather than heard this. I will, however, restore what I have received. If you can only show me the way out of this house I shall be grateful, and I again seek pardon for disturbing you."

"I suppose you are speaking the truth. Come, give me that candle, Marsetta."

The other handed her a candlestick, and, refusing my proffer to bear it, and with a curt request to walk in front, she directed her way back, the single candle throwing its soft light on her loose robes and graceful figure.

I made my way down the stairs, at the end realizing the sensation of suddenly finding my foot meet the ground after the last step. I thought there was yet another and was brought up with a nasty jerk. Stepping out softly into the street, and holding my drawn sword in my hand, I hurried towards my abode. When I had gone about 50 paces I heard the sound of a door opening and shutting behind me, but thinking it was the wind playing with the door I had left unlocked, having no key, I took no notice, and went on; but soon became aware I was being followed. I stopped, therefore, and deliberately turned round to see how the matter stood, and I realized, from contrast, how brown a heart a bad purpose can make. 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